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of his fortune would have been an unjust and unwarrantable sacrifice.

The virtues of this great man are too well recorded to require panegyric. My readers will doubtless expect to learn, that a kind acknowledgment of his eminent qualifications and liberality has been paid in the erection of a splendid monument to his memory, and in these pages to see copied an epitaph suitable to his love of literature, displaying the grateful feelings of the nation for the general good they derive from his liberality; of the opulent city of Armagh, for the local benefits she enjoys from his bounty; or of his lordship's successors, to whom he bequeathed such an ample fortune; but sorry am I to say, that no such affectionate memorial is in existence.

Although Lord Rokeby's virtues will not be forgotten, when the frail monuments of human ingenuity have mouldered into dust, yet so long as this dutiful tribute, this just debt is unpaid, the strong contrast of his Grace's liberality will add shame to the reproach, and confirm the disgrace either in a particular or in a general view.

Respecting this ancient see of Armagh, it is indeed a matter of surprize there are no public records. A few books or papers were purchased or procured from his friends by Lord Rokeby, which he bequeathed in such a manner, that they are not easily accessible, being left to the governors of the library in trust, the archbishop, for the time being, having power to take away any of them, provided he gives a receipt, binding upon him and his executors; and in his will he adds these remarkable words: "*My intention is, that the librarian, and the governors of the library, shall be excluded from the examination of these manuscripts, and that the trust shall extend no further than to the means of their preservation.*"

The antiquarian must therefore arrest his curiosity; it would be highly improper, if not impertinent, to wish to make public their contents, when a man of such superior understanding had reason to confide them to but one person in existence, and which doubtless he had every right to dispose of as he thought proper, they having been his private property. As the cause of this extraordinary concealment cannot be explained, it would be unjust, and ungenerous in the extreme to the memory of his Grace, were we to impute it to any illiberal motive, as to so base a principle his whole conduct through life was a direct contradiction.

The city of Armagh sent two members to parliament before the union, it now returns but one; the Primate has the patronage of the borough.

The county infirmary is within the town, and is very punctually attended to; besides the regular county charge, it is maintained by very liberal subscriptions and some annual bequests.

A charter school was founded in Armagh anno 1758, to which the Primate and corporation of Armagh gave twenty acres of land for ever, rent free, for the site and accommodation of the house. The first endowment of this charity was a gift of 40*l.* per annum, being a rent charge from Mrs. Drelincourt, widow of the dean of the see; it is now a noble institution and the most extensive of any of the kind in Ireland. COOTE's *Survey of Armagh.*

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE AUCTION.

Mercury.

THE hour is nearly arrived, and no purchasers have yet made their apperance. I fear we shall have a dull sale to-day.

Jupiter. Very possibly. In the mean time, however, put the several articles in their best dress, and brush them up carefully, that they may appear to advantage, and may invite bidders to purchase.

Mer. I shall do every thing in my power to recommend them to the attention of the company. *Jup.* I see a few coming forward; you had better prepare the lots and put the goods in order.

Mer. Gentlemen, attend. There will be no trust. Good bills will be taken, and an allowance of 5 per cent for ready cash. *Jup.* Begin with two or three private characters: it is better to reserve persons of distinction till more purchasers shall be assembled.

Mer. Here, Gentlemen, is a very gay and costly article; a lady of fashion. Her very dress, you see, is almost

worth an estate. *Bidder.* Very pretty, indeed. But what occasion have I for all this finery? What would you have me do with all these ribbands, and strings, and trumpery? Did I want an article indeed such as a looking glass, that is only intended to be looked at, this might suit well enough. I want a wife, or a house-keeper, and I am afraid I shall not be accommodated in the present instance. May I ask the creature a few questions?

Mer. By all means. *Bid.* Pray, Madam, may I take the liberty of asking you what accomplishments you may have to recommend you. *Lady Trifle.* Accomplishments, Sir! Do you question the accomplishments of a lady of my rank and fashion? I protest you put me quite into an agitation. O, I shall faint, if I am not supported! You monster, you insipid brute, to insult me so. *Bid.* I beg pardon, but I meant no offence. I merely wished to know what you were good for, before I bought you.

Jup. It is right, I command you to answer the gentleman discreetly and civilly. *Bid.* May I inquire then concerning your qualifications? *Lady T.* I dress better than Lady Fribble and all the fashionables. I laid out an hundred pounds last week on a head-dress. *Bid.* I have no hundreds for such purposes. But besides your perfect knowledge of dress, what other good qualities are you possessed of? *Lady T.* I spent five years under the care of Mr. Rigadoon, the dancing-master. *Bid.* Well, and what then? *Lady T.* I was very much improved. *Bid.* A rare perfection truly. 'Tis to me a new discovery, that there may be improvement in the heels as well as the head. It is a good thing, I find, for a lady to be able to jump, and fling, and kick, and show her legs. This is modern delicacy, I presume. I am satisfied with the humble ambition of being able to *walk*. *Lady T.* I have studied Hoyle. *Bid.* Pray what is that? *Lady T.* O la! you don't know Hoyle! *Bid.* I am really ashamed to say I have not studied that author. May I take the liberty of asking on what branch of science or history he has written? *Lady T.* Why I really cannot say to which the subject belongs; but he has written on cards. *Bid.* It is usual for composers to write on *paper*. He has printed on *cards*, perhaps for the amusement of children. *Lady T.* O you dull creature, you mistake me entirely. The *subject* he has written on is *cards*. *Bid.* Indeed! How is that? *Lady T.* Why he has made cards the subject of his descriptions. *Bid.* Still unintelligible. *Lady T.* Why, can't you comprehend that he has described how to play cards? *Bid.* Truly no; pray what are cards? *Lady T.* You don't know what cards are? They are bits of pasteboard that have different figures stamped upon them. *Bid.* So then your author has written about these stamped pieces of pasteboard! *Lady T.* He has. *Bid.* And what has he said about them? *Lady T.* He has described the way of playing them. *Bid. Playing* them; pray, what is that? *Lady T.* Why, I really do not know how I shall answer that question; generally when you play cards you throw them down and take them up. *Bid.* So this author whom you have studied has taught you how to throw bits of pasteboard about the room. This may do well enough for children; but I can't see how grown persons can be entertained by it. What is the use of throwing the cards about as you have described? *Lady T.* To win money. *Bid.* How is that? *Lady T.* Why what is lost by one is gained by another. *Bid.* I understand you not, nor can I comprehend what gain or loss there can be in this childish business, farther than the loss of —— time. *Lady T.* I gain sometimes. *Bid.* And lose sometimes I suppose? *Lady T.* O yes; one cannot always win. It was only last week that Mr. Sharp, the actor, won from me a cool hundred, at cribbage; but it was merely an accident. *Bid.* A singular accident, truly. A few such accidents would soon empty my purse. I fear you have not studied your author to advantage. But may I have the pleasure of knowing your other accomplishments? *Lady T.* I flirt with the young men to the envy of all my female acquaintance. I delight in having half-a-dozen making love to me at once. *Bid.* A handsome recommendation, truly. You must be greatly benefited by having a parcel of danglers dancing attendance upon you. But how have you improv-

ed your mind? Have you stored it with useful knowledge? *Lady T.* I flatter myself I am well informed. I have read Tom Jones, the Arabian Nights, and Tristram Shandy. I generally read the deaths and marriages and the fashions for the month, out of the News-papers. *Bid.* I am satisfied as to your information. What is your employment for the day? *Lady T.* O, I rise at 11 or 12. After breakfast I dress, and am ready to go out at 2 or 3. I spend a couple of hours dropping cards or shopping; or I ramble about the fashionable parts of the town. I dine at 6 or 7; after which I go to the play or to a party. If I go to the play I converse the most of the night with Mr. Fudge. Mr. Fudge is a dear creature, he has always something to say that makes one laugh. I fear he will win my heart after all. If it be not play night, I sip a cup of coffee at 9 or 10, play cards for 2 or 3 hours, sup at 1, and go to bed between 2 and 3 in the morning. *Bid.* What do you ask for her? *Mer.* £50. Does any one bid more? *Bid,* 'Tis too much. I'll give you 10 for her. I'll make something by these gew-gaws and baubles; and I'll part with her to Mr. Fudge for a few pounds more. *Jup.* Take her at the price. It is not likely we shall get a better bid. *Bid.* There is the money in Belfast Notes. *Mer.* Very good, they pass with me as readily as national notes, both in heaven and hell.

Mer. Now, gentlemen, I am going to set up life, spirit, gallantry, every thing great, noble, and dashing; the pride of the ball, the assembly, and the fair sex; call him buck, or blood, or any thing you please. *Bid.* Pray, Sir, what good qualities have you? *Buck.* Good qualities, Sir? Do you suspect me of any bad? Zounds, Sir, you want to insult me. Take care Sir, 'twas only yesterday I called a gentleman out because he said the earth was round, while I swore it was a pyramid. *Bid.* I beg pardon, I merely want to know what I have before I purchase. *Buck.* Look here Sir, did you ever see so fine a leg and thigh in your life? Look how neat that pantaloon sits to my figure? There's style for you; I'm the lad for the ladies, damme. *Bid.* What is your employment? *Buck.* O you hottentot! employment for a gentleman of my blood and spirit! I have no employment; I scorn employment. *Bid.* Then how do you spend your time? *Buck.* my chief business, Sir, is attending the ladies. I am to be found at all places of fashionable resort; at balls, assemblies, operas, theatres, taverns, &c. &c. and sometimes even at that stupid place church, if it happen to be the *ton*. *Bid.* From your appearance I should suppose you spent a great deal of money. *Buck.* O lord no, I am an economist, I must to be sure appear like other people. I get a new suit of clothes only once or twice a month; I keep a curricle and a few blood horses, a pack of hounds and four or five fine hunters; I spend 50 or £60 now and then at an entertainment, and lose sometimes a hundred or two at dice or billiards; I visit Bath, Brighton, or Harrowgate, by a time, or take a trip to London sometimes; but all that costs only a thousand or two. I keep a brace of fine girls when I can get them, and they to be sure cost me something; but d—n my blood, to be out of the fashion, I would as soon be out of the world. *Bid.* Now where do you find money to meet all your expenses? *Buck.* O you old ass! a gentleman of my figure think about money! Why you blockhead when that old screw my father won't remit me, I live by my ways and my means, and damme me if ever I want a fine girl or a bottle of wine. *Bid.* I won't have him at any money. *Buck.* Not have me! you old conundrum! you never saw the like of me in you life. *Bid.* Truly I never did. *Buck.* I drive in nicer style than any buck in London. I knocked up four horses at the last steeple chase; I am fully acquainted with all the fashions; in short I am caressed by all the men, and adored by all the ladies. *Bid.* I would not take him, were I to get him for nothing *Mer.* Does any other bidder offer himself? 2d, *Bid* Would he answer to be my groom, or to attend at table.? I see his boots are finely varnished. Perhaps he could clean my shoes!

Mer. I'll not promise for him. Take him at what you think he is worth. *Bid.* I'll give five tenpennies for him,

Mer. Take him, I am glad to get quit of him, for he has disturbed us all morning, swearing and talking like a fool. His tongue has not been at rest five minutes, these two hours, tumbling out nonsense in heaps, and abusing every body about him—Gentlemen, I am now going to give you a treat. Here is a precious article, indeed; nothing less I assure you, than the celebrated Mrs. Mary Anne Cl—ke. A. Z.

To be continued.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

IN the Repository of Theology and general Literature for the last month, I find the following just censure on Thomas Clarkson, for his want of discrimination of character, when, in his History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, he equally praises Fox and Pitt for the parts they respectively took in that business. The remarks are so congenial with my own, on reading that generally interesting work, that I beg permission for their insertion in your next number. The finesse of the one Statesman forms a contrast with the decided measures of the other. Nor should praise be with-held from Lord Grenville, whose last public act in office, was procuring the royal assent to the act which stamped this nefarious trade with legislative reprobation. This one circumstance shows how legislative assemblies in the present day are influenced, and how obsequious they are to the nod of the minister for the time being. The reason for abolishing this trade in 1791 and 1792 were as forcible, as in 1806; but in the former years truth and justice pleaded in vain; and in 1806 the just and necessary measure was carried, because Fox and Grenville, being ministers, were honest men.

A READER.

"Mr. Pitt was a speech maker, and could declaim as well upon the enormities of the Slave-trade, as upon the horrors of Jacobinism. His eloquence in behalf of the Africans, in the years 1790 and 1792, captivated both his friends and enemies. But why, it may be asked, did he not use his almost irresistible influence to abolish the evil he so pathetically deplored? Was he strong only on the side of tyranny and aggression? It must be a subject of melancholy reflection to his admirers to think, that after all his declarations and protestations, he permitted the British slave trade to increase from an importation of 25,000 to an importation of 57,000 negroes in two years, ending 1798, by the capture of the Dutch and other settlements. If he had issued in 1797 the order of council 1805, above 30,000 negroes per annum would have been saved! What Mr. Pitt, who was prime minister of this country, with boundless power, for twenty years, could not, or would not effect, was accomplished by the Fox and Grenville ministry, which existed not so many months. But with them the matter was taken up on principle, and they staked their very being upon it. One of their first measures was to restrict the trade; they went on impairing it by degrees, and pledging the house, and preparing the country for its annihilation; and their very last act, was the glorious bill which wiped away this disgraceful traffic. And have they to divide the honour of this benevolent work with their predecessors, who, while they *talked* about it, *did* nothing to forward it! Let Mr. Clarkson answer this question, who with an impropriety most glaring, and injustice most shameful, dedicates his admirable "History of the Abolition," equally to the manes of Pitt and Fox. Mr. Fox's friends disdain the compliment, and the dedication will ever be an eye-sore in a work, which in other respects, benevolence would contemplate with unalloyed pleasure."

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND ADAPTED TO THE PIANO FORTE.

MR. BUNTING is at present in London superintending this long expected collection, which is now *in the Press*, and will shortly be published with the highest embellishment of London Engravings. As the scope of this laborious undertaking, to which Mr. Bunting has devoted at least seventeen years, may not be known